

D'Amato (R-N.Y.) said, "He was tough, but fair."

Since a young man, James Murray Kempton prepared himself to move easily among the American throng—as attentive to the struggles of the ordinary citizen as the maneuverings of the rich and powerful.

He was born in Baltimore on Dec. 16, 1917, and, as a young man, became a devoted reader of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*—and particularly of the *Sun's* iconoclastic essayist H.L. Mencken. Drawn to newspaper work, Kempton found a job at the *Sun*, attending his first national convention as a copy boy for Mencken, his hero.

After graduation from Johns Hopkins University, Kempton followed his leftist political instincts. He worked as a labor organizer, wrote for the Young People's Socialist League and the American Labor Party. Even in later years as a reporter, Kempton played off his lefty background by greeting colleagues as "fellow workers."

In 1942, Kempton joined the *New York Post* as a reporter but with World War II intensifying, soon enlisted in the Air Force.

During a three year hitch, Kempton served in New Guinea and the Philippines. He once noted that he was assigned to a unit called the Cyclone Division. "They call it the Cyclone Division because all its tents got blown down on maneuvers," said Kempton. "That's how it is with my team every time."

After the war, Kempton returned to *New York* and began his writing career in earnest. He worked again for the *Post* and then a succession of other publications—*New Republic* magazine, *New York World Telegram*, *New York Review of Books*. He taught journalism at Hunter College and "political journalism" at the Eagleton Institute at Rutgers University.

While covering the civil rights movement for the *Post* in 1961, Kempton showed his wily instincts. Freedom Riders were traveling by bus through the South to illustrate how blacks were denied access to public accommodations. There had been violence along the way, and likely, there would be more. In Montgomery, Ala., journalists were told a busload of Freedom Riders were heading out at 7 a.m. Other reporters piled into cars to follow the bus. Kempton went them one better—he bought himself a ticket that allowed him on the bus.

"He wrote a helluva story," said Michael Dorman, who covered the Freedom Rides. "It was a master stroke to buy that ticket—and just the sort of thing Murray would do."

At *Newsday*, Kempton's reputation preceded him but the new man—a star by any measure—proved affable and without the aura of celebrity.

Working out of the now defunct *New York Newsday*, Kempton looked like an aging Ivy Leaguer—shirt and tie, natty suit well-pressed—but had a gift for gab and generous nature that neatly undercut his formal bearing. He loved jazz and the blues and, as if that weren't enough to cement his man-of-the-people reputation, Kempton traveled to the office by bicycle. Murray Kempton couldn't drive.

On his 75th birthday, Kempton got a plant from a fan—the wife of alleged mobster Carmine Persico, about whom Kempton had written. Kempton said he had no talent for horticulture and gave the plant, an amaryllis, to staff member Anthony Destefano. The amaryllis thrived, but never flowered until this spring, Destefano said, when it bloomed red, and bright.

By then, Kempton was seriously ill and his own brilliant season almost through. But even feeling poorly, Kempton kept his edge. Spencer Rumsey, a *Newsday* editor who checked Kempton's columns, said that Kempton told him he likely got sick because New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani kicked the Mafia out of the Fulton Fish Market. "When the mob was in charge, you could always count on safe fish," Kempton said.

It was Kempton as Kempton would want to be remembered—sassy, sardonic and unex-

pected. "He represented the very best that there is in this business," said *Newsday* Editor Tony Marro. "It was our great good fortune to have him as a colleague and mentor, and we'll miss him terribly."

Kempton is survived by three sons, Arthur, of Massachusetts; David, of Fallsburg, N.Y. and Christopher, of New York; and a daughter, Durgananda, also of Fallsburg. His first wife, Mina, lives in Princeton, M.J. His second wife, Beverly, died last year. A son, Murray Jr., died in an auto accident in 1971. Kempton also leaves a companion, Barbara Epstein.

A funeral is set for 11 a.m. Thursday at St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, 552 West End Avenue, New York.

[From the *New York Post*, Tuesday, May 6, 1997]

#### MURRAY KEMPTON (1917-1997)

Murray Kempton, who died yesterday at 79, was one of the mainstays of *New York* journalism. For more than half a century—most of that time here at *The Post*—he brought to his craft a unique perspective that made him a legend.

Though his famously wordy style could be dizzying, Kempton had a reputation as a master phrasemaker. A congressman once said that "Sometimes I can't understand what he's saying, but the end effect is enormous."

Kempton never thought of himself as an oracle, but rather as an observer. He was attracted to society's rogues and underdogs and made an art form out of covering criminal trials.

He described himself as a Normal Thomas Socialist—but he avoided political orthodoxies of any stripe and believed journalists should not wear labels.

"The trouble with thinking of yourself as a liberal or a conservative," Kempton once wrote, "is the danger that you might unwittingly die to preserve an unconscious image. It's not the reporter's responsibility to lie for a political party, no matter what it is."

Such attitudes might explain the esteem in which Kempton was held by ideological friends and foes alike. When Kempton won a Pulitzer Prize in 1985, George Will proclaimed him "the class of our class." William F. Buckley, Jr., even while chiding his good friend's political naivete added: "As a columnist, Murray Kempton is the noblest of us all."

[FROM THE *DAILY NEWS*, MAY 6, 1997]

#### ONE OF A KIND

The death of columnist Murray Kempton will provide over the coming days an outpouring of praise and affection from the journalistic community. And not a few anecdotes aiming to capture Kempton's huge talent and equal heart.

What is remarkable is that all the best eulogies will have the distinct advantage of being true. Kempton was a giant, a man whose contributions to his craft, his city and his country were unique to his generation. To say he will be missed doesn't begin to capture the void he leaves. •

#### NATIONAL ARSON AWARENESS WEEK

• Mr. ROCKEFELLER. Mr. President, today I rise to recognize the end of a significant week in our Nation. May 4 through May 10 was National Arson Awareness Week around the country. This year's theme was "Target Arson." The Federal Emergency Management Agency [FEMA], along with local law enforcement officers, firefighters, and teachers chose a tremendously important and vulnerable group close to my heart for special emphasis in their crusade to promote safety and crime prevention—children. Their mission was

and is to educate children on the dangers of fire by asking parents to control their children's access to matches and cigarette lights, and asking all adults to set a good example for our Nation's youth.

Arson affects all Americans. It accounts for more than 700,000 deaths nationwide and causes more than \$2 billion worth of property damage. The cost to the community as a whole is great when we consider that the taxpayer must foot the expenses for the fire, police, and medical personnel who are needed when a fire occurs, and not to mention the losses to a community when a church, business, or home is destroyed. That is why it is imperative that we work together to prevent arson from destroying another community, and most important, another life.

Today I commend FEMA and communities across the country for their laudable efforts in raising awareness about the tragic consequences of arson and its devastating effect on our communities. •

#### ORDERS FOR MONDAY, MAY 12, 1997

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, on behalf of the leader, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today it stand in adjournment until the hour of 10 a.m. on Monday, May 12. I further ask unanimous consent that on Monday, immediately following the prayer, the routine requests through the morning hour be granted and that there then be a period of morning business until 11 a.m., with Senators to speak for up to 5 minutes each with the following exceptions: Senator SNOWE for up to 10 minutes, Senator DORGAN for up to 30 minutes, and Senator BUMPERS for up to 20 minutes.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

#### PROGRAM

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, further, on behalf of the majority leader, for the information of all Senators, Monday the Senate will, hopefully, begin consideration of the CFE treaty. However, no rollcall votes will occur during Monday's session of the Senate. Any votes ordered with respect to the treaty will be stacked to occur at a later date. As always, all Senators will be notified when any votes are ordered.

It is the hope of the majority leader that the Senate could also consider the IDEA bill, possibly under a time agreement. Again, any votes ordered with respect to that bill will also be postponed to occur at a later date.

I thank my colleagues for their cooperation on both of these matters.

#### ADJOURNMENT UNTIL 10 A.M., MONDAY, MAY 12, 1997

Mr. DEWINE. Mr. President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I now ask the Senate stand in adjournment under the previous order.

There being no objection, the Senate, at 1:52 p.m., adjourned until Monday, May 12, 1997, at 10 a.m.